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Sunday —

to re-establish  
Last night, to maintain my sanity, I made  
yogurt and mixed up a double batch of  
bread. Before I went to bed I punched it down  
once. I made it and let it rise in the large  
canning pot that I recently bought. The  
pot works very well. Took the bread pan  
and bread and arrived at the Golf Course  
at 9 A.M., shaped the bread into small  
loaves and DWP, HAB and SRP went to the  
Circle K Market where we had a grand  
time. DWP purchased all manner of things, including  
three bird houses and a bedspread. HAB bought  
nothing. SRP

purchased —

12-15" Candles  
by Hallmark  
for \$1.00

1 - pair of Rubber  
Kitchen gloves  
for \$1.00



1 pound of Buckwheat  
honey from Endless  
Mountain Apiaries  
(the Hartford Fair  
people)

3 - Knobler bowls —  
white porcelain on  
the inside & bright  
yellow, brown & orange  
on the outside —  
for \$1.00

I spent \$4.00 and had  
a grand time; ran into about  
6 Lakeland students and  
that was amusing; had a bee talk with the  
Endless Mountain Apiaries man — I  
will probably purchase a hive of bees from  
him — Cost \$50.00. Returned to Golf Course  
at noon — gave HRP one of the Knobler bowls  
(she says she has been <sup>very much</sup> needing a new grease  
bowl & these Knobler are like her old yellow one).

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Following luncheon, DWP put up his three new  
bird houses in the aviary; Holly and I watched  
the installation and held the ladder while  
DWP put the boxes in place.

SRP went into Carbondale in the late afternoon  
and picked up Job's pick up truck; Job will  
not help out — I was so mad at him for  
"backing out when the going got rough" that  
I could have screamed. I got the truck at  
46 Canaan & drove out to the Golf Course,  
having picked up Henry on the way. DWP &  
HAB would drive to the turnpike at Clark's  
Summit, SRP & Hank in the truck. At  
CS, DWP got out & got into the truck & HAB  
continued on to Philadelphia. At Heart Lake  
I stopped and picked up three hitch-hikers  
(2 girls & one guy) who were on their way  
back to their broken down car at the  
Tompkinsville exit to 81. They jumped in  
the back of the truck. It gave me great  
pleasure to give them a ride — practically  
everything in my life had been going  
wrong / badly, and I decided <sup>on Sat. night</sup> that  
the best way to "turn things around"  
was to consciously make an effort to  
spread around good cheer, a positive &  
optimistic outlook and supportive/  
helpful deeds and thoughts. De plus,  
I knew that I had to start consciously  
creating success & success situations —